more surely than McClellan to restore the feeling of security to the public mind and to re-establish the feeling of confidence among the soldiers themselves.

Almost immediately after his arrival a marked improvement in the tone of things at Washington became perceptible. It would not be true to say that no one but McClellan could have restored order in the streets of the Capital, sent the stragglers and idlers back to their regiments, and set the complicated machinery of the army again quietly and steadily in motion. But McClellan had a genius for work of this kind. The army soon felt that in him it had a master, and also a devoted and intelligent master,—in fact, a friend as well as a master. McClellan had his defects as a military man, and very serious ones; but he was a thorough soldier; everything pertaining to the camp and the field was dear to him. He knew just how everything ought to be done; he knew just what this regiment or that battery needed in order to put it in first-rate condition; he knew also what *esprit de corps* meant, and he valued and cherished it accordingly. It was not long before the volunteers (for the militia regiments had promptly hastened away on the expiration of the term of their service,) were busy from morning till night in their

various military exercises, learning the routine of camp life, the manual of arms, the drill; acquiring also by degrees, some notion of discipline,—of what a regiment in active service must be, as distinguished from a militia regiment, if it is to stand the rough experiences of actual warfare. And all this was cheerfully and heartily borne, not only because